The Deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewd Steele againſt our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for Heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your power?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but deſpaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happy dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yeſter day, bid time returne,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the VVelch-men hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thouſand Men,
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reaſon to looke pale, and dead?
All ſoules that will be ſafe, flye from my ſide,
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my ſelfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou ſluggard Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the Kings Name forty thouſand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a puny ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vncle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to ſerve our turne,
But who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,
Then

Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſſe, thou canſt unfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome loſt? why 'twas my Care:
And what loſſe is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be: If he ſerve God,
Wee'l ſerve him too; and be his Fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubiects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Woe, Deſtruction, Ruine, Loſſe, Decay,
The worſt is Death, and death will have his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which make the ſilver Rivers drowne their Shores,
As if the world were all diſſolu'd to teares:
So high, above his Limits, ſwells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairelеſſe Scalps
Againſt thy Majeſty, and boyes with womens voyces,
Strive to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female joynts
In ſtiffe unwieldy Armes: againſt thy Crowne
Thy very Beadſmen learne to bend their bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: againſt thy ſtate
Yea Diſtaffe-VVomen manage ruſty Bills:
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.
VVhere is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is *Bagot*?
VVhat is become of *Buſhy*? where is *Greene*?
That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps?
If we prevaile, their hands ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my Lord.)